

cosmic love

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Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Established Relationship, Fluff, Gay, I Wrote This Instead of Sleeping, I'm not sure how to describe this, M/M, Richie loves his boyfriend, Short & Sweet, Short One Shot, Songfic, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, Wordcount: 500-1.000, everyone loves them, is that a pun???

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

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Summary:

eddie's eyes were like the night sky and richie was floating in them, gravity forgotten.

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Author's Note:

Song: Cosmic Love by Florence + the Machine

This is just purely fluff! 0% angst or any emotion other than love honestly!! It's also VERY SHORT
lmfao idk what else to add, so this is what yall get

in the twilight, eddie looked so much sweeter.

throughout the day and night, eddie was biting humor and snappish remarks. he was gentle and soft, but he was also mean and relentless. although, during the twilight, he was sweet. he was glowing, the freckles that just barely brushed his nose and cheeks were illuminated by a gentle moon waving her hands. the stars shone down like spotlights and eddie was sweet in the twilight.

and richie was so, utterly, in love.

the night was breathing unto them with a soft breeze, the wind wrapping them up in a blanket of air. they laid on a rock in an empty field, an edge that they weren't so worried about falling off of was nearing them. curled up by the fire, they sat with their other friends, whose laughter sounded like white noise to richie. he was entranced

by a sweet eddie kaspbrak instead. the sky was dark and sparkling. she smiled down on the boys, but only richie seemed to notice. maybe he saw it because the sky was beautiful, or maybe he saw it because the sky was just like eddie's eyes. eddie's eyes were like the night sky and richie was floating in them, gravity forgotten.

"rich," eddie whispered like an alarm clock into richie's ears, shaking him from his thoughts, "bill asked you a question."

richie smiled smoothly, drawing his eyes from the stars above them. "what's up, big bill?"

bill rolled his eyes in response, "i was just wondering what you were thinking about. you seemed kind of lost in thought."

richie's smile softened into something sweeter. "you guys don't care about that. what were we talking about?"

beverly laughed. "now you have to tell us!"

mike shoved richie's arm, the one that wasn't wrapped around eddie's shoulders. "come on, man."

"fine, fine, god. i know everyone just wants to know everything about me, i'm genuinely such an interesting person."

"shut up, richie." stan rolled his eyes.

richie smiled in return. “i was just, uh, thinking about eddie. that’s all.”

eddie blushed and hid a smile in the palm of his hands. the others beamed and cooed and awed. It was like one of those storybook moments, like a fairytale ben could write into a poem. richie didn’t know what type of poem it would be; would it be quiet and soft or loud and long or sugary and hot or maybe something a little less like other couples and a little more like richie and eddie? because richie was such a *mess* and eddie was so ballsy and beautiful and *brave*.

eddie was so sweet. in the day he was so vibrant, and in the night he was so kind, but in the twilight, when words were soft and whispers were shivers under your skin and electricity crackled beneath your spine and up into your fingertips, he was different. twilight's eddie was like looking down at your coffee and frowning because it's too light to be his eyes, or metaphors melting like honey on your tongue because you couldn't make sense of how you were feeling. he was the paint that dried onto your fingertips and you couldn't scrub him off. he was the night sky itself, his eyes were the milky way and his freckles were constellations and you'd swear you'd count them all one day, one day. he was the moonlight that pushed his tongue around your woes and licked your wounds away. he was the tornados that felt like wind in your hair and tsunamis that felt like tides catching your feet, and booming, thundering storms with lightning and hail and devastation that make you think you could be in heaven, and eddie was sweet.

"*i love you,*" richie mumbled through the lips that had found their way onto eddie's head.

and the "*i love you too*" fired back at him was sweeter than ever.

fin.

Author's Note:

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Please send me an ask or comment your thoughts (or both!)